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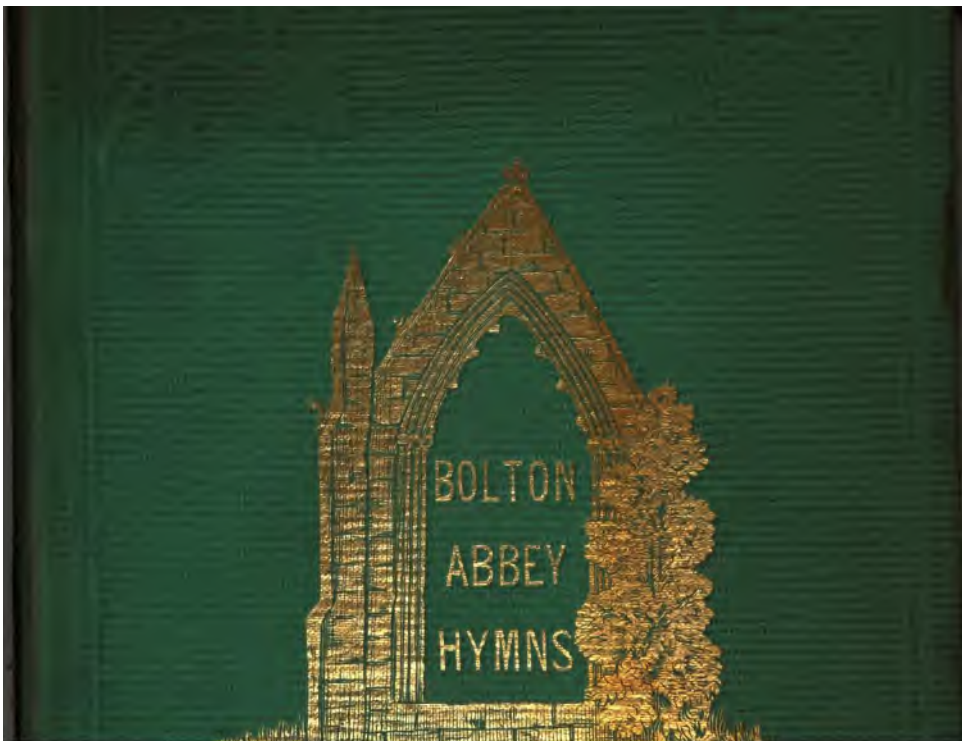
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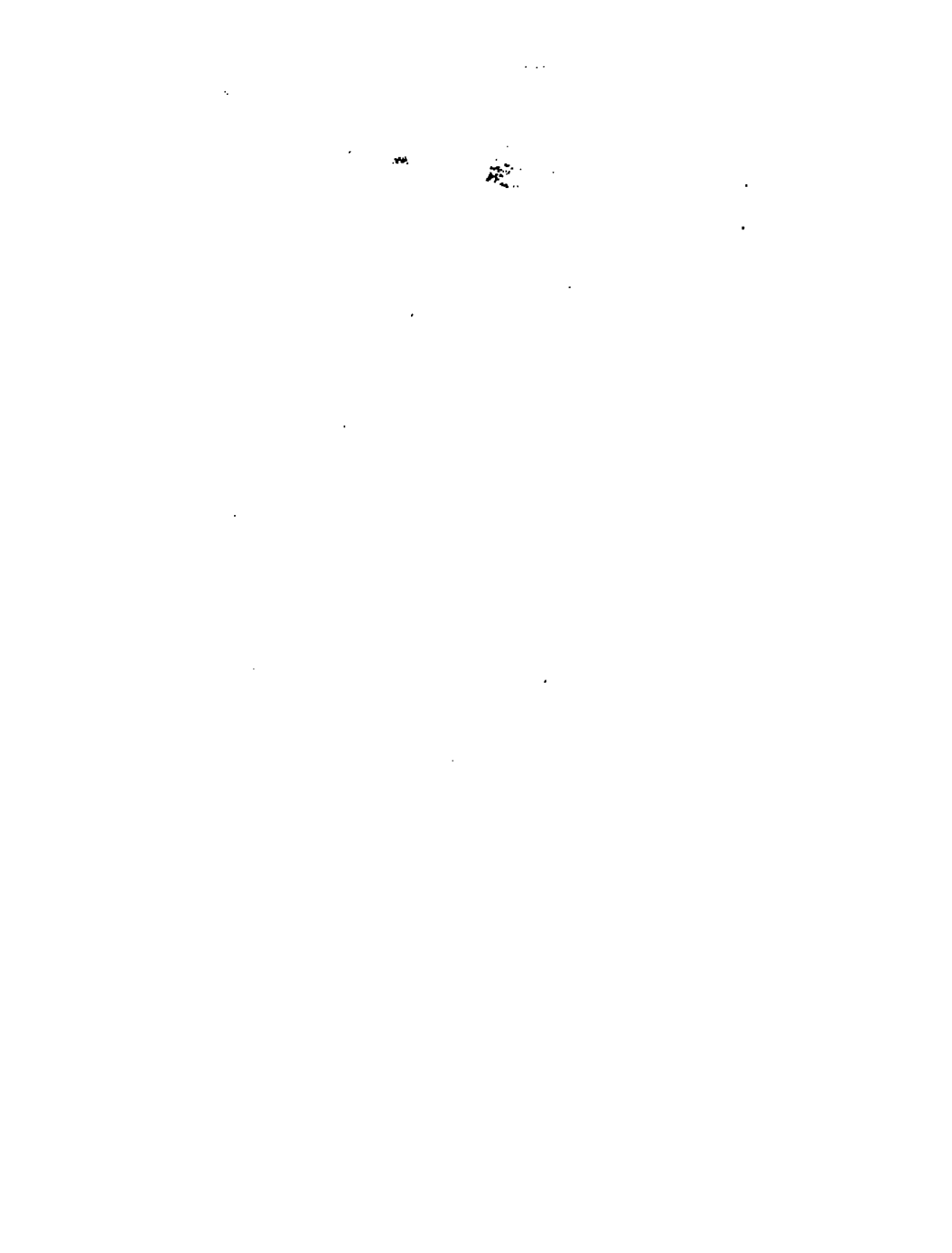
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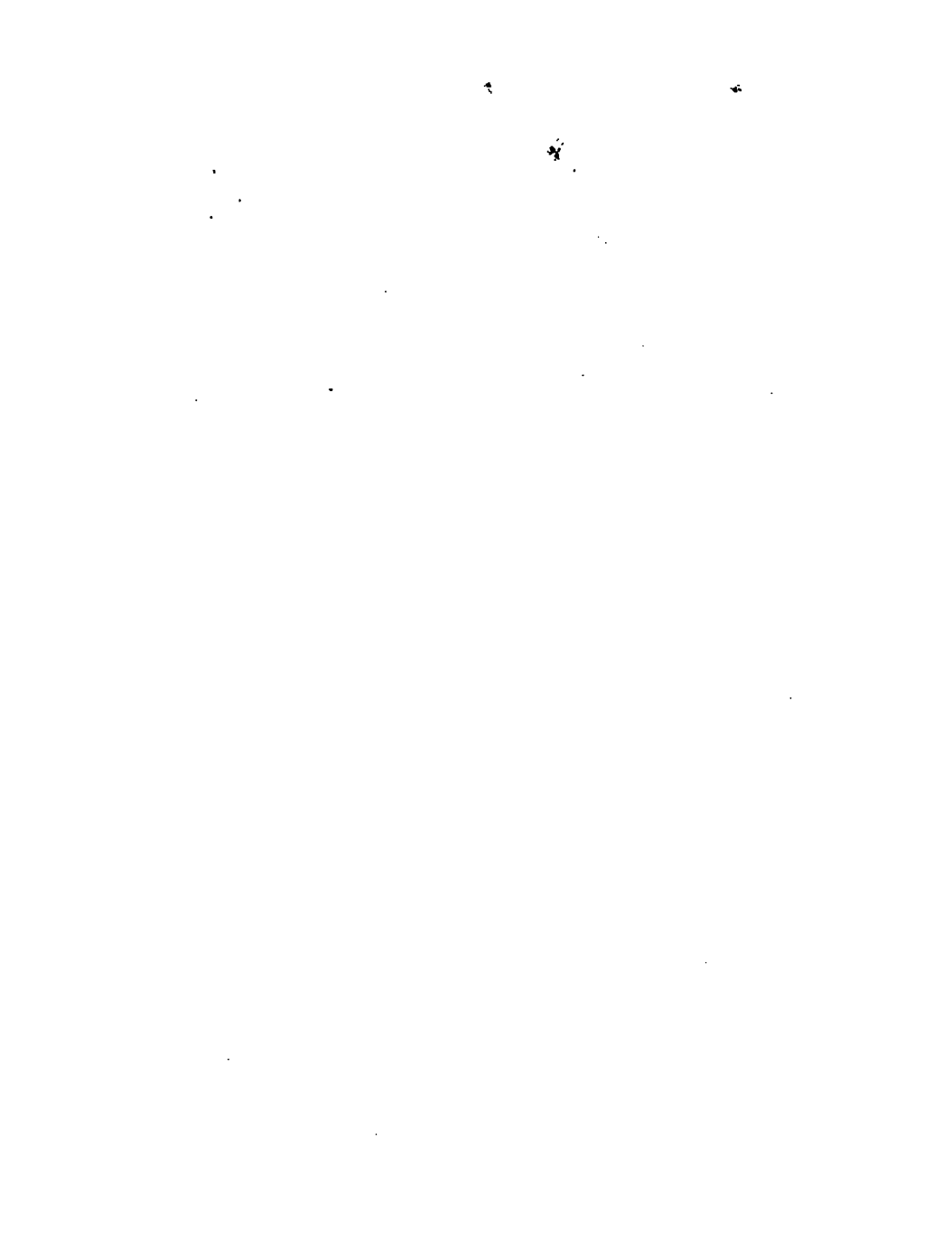
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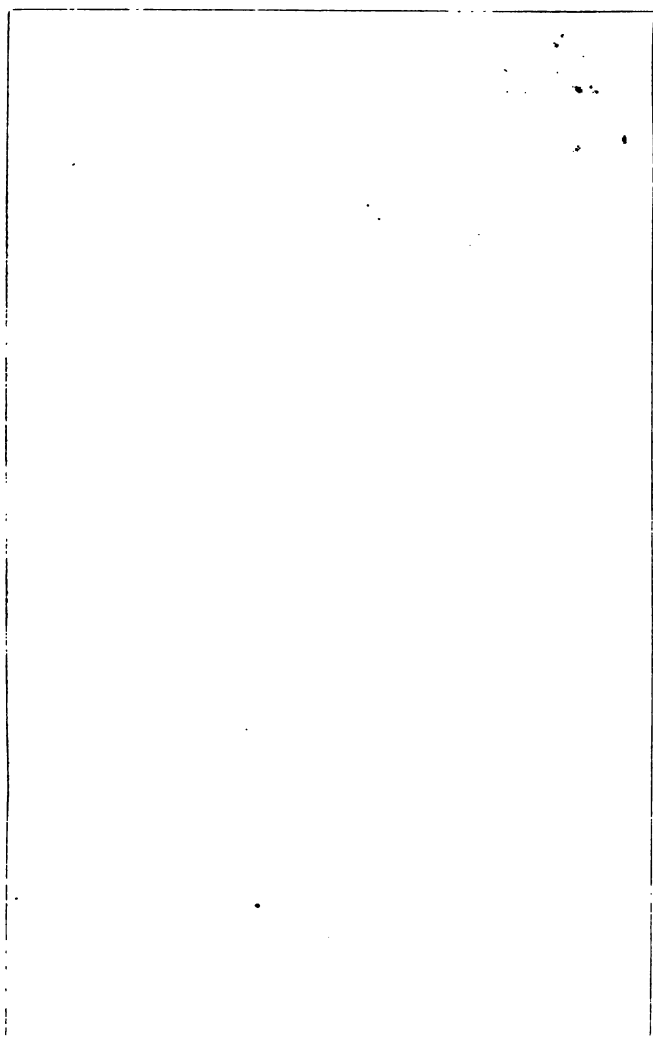
8







Bolton Abbey Hymns.



H Y M N S

COMPOSED AT

Bolton **A**bbey,

AND OTHER RHYMES.

BY

NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

Author of 'Come to Jesus,' 'Life of Dr. Gordon,' etc.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & Co., 21, BERNERS STREET.

1858.

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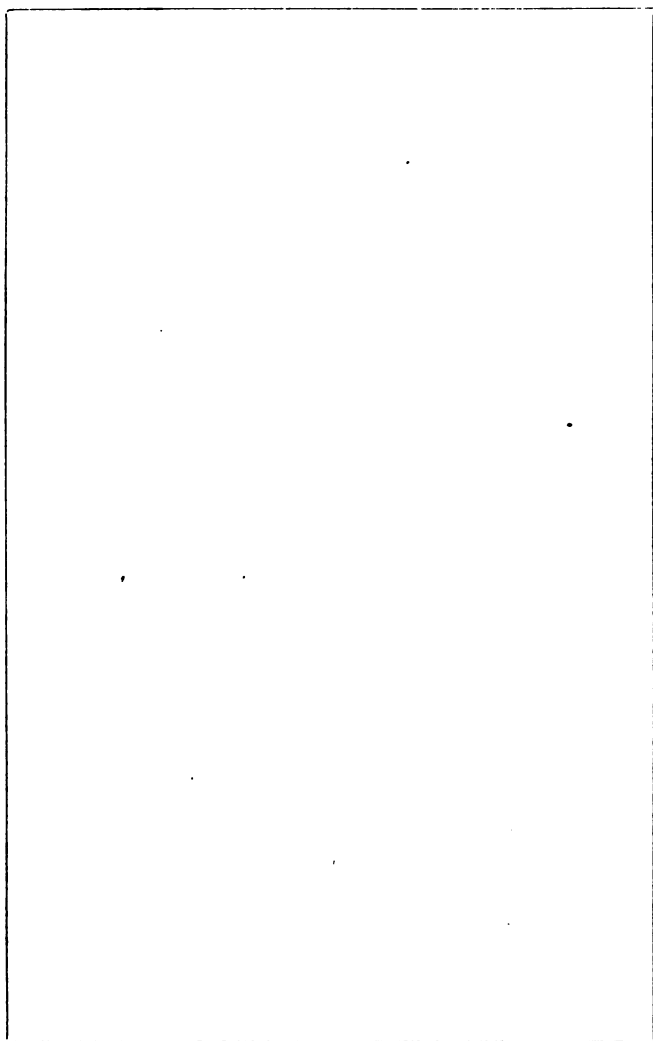
LONDON:
CATTON STEAM PRINTING OFFICES,
CAMDEN TOWN. N.W.



Dedicatory Sonnet.

MOTHER! TO THEE, OF RIGHT, THIS BOOK BELONGS;
FOR, SEATED ON THY KNEE, AN INFANT WEAK,
WITH LISPING TONGUE, I LEARN'T FROM THEE TO SPEAK
"IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS."
OFT DIDST THOU STROKE MY HEAD, AND KISS MY CHEEK,
AND WEEP FOR JOY, TO HEAR THY CHILD REPEAT
HOW THE GOOD SHEPHERD CAME FROM HEAVEN, TO SEEK
HIS WANDERING LAMBS,—AND HOW HIS HANDS AND FEET
WERE PIERCED WITH NAILS—WHILE HE, THE SUFFERER MEER,
PRAYED FOR HIS FOES, THEN MOUNTED TO HIS THRONE.
WITH THEMES LIKE THESE, MY YEARS HAVE STILL UPGROWN,
THROUGH THY PERSUASIVE TEACHING, TENDER CARE,
THINE, AND A LOVING FATHER'S LIFE OF PRAYER.
THE BOOK I OFFER THEE IS THUS THINE OWN!

December 1, 1867.



P R E F A C E .

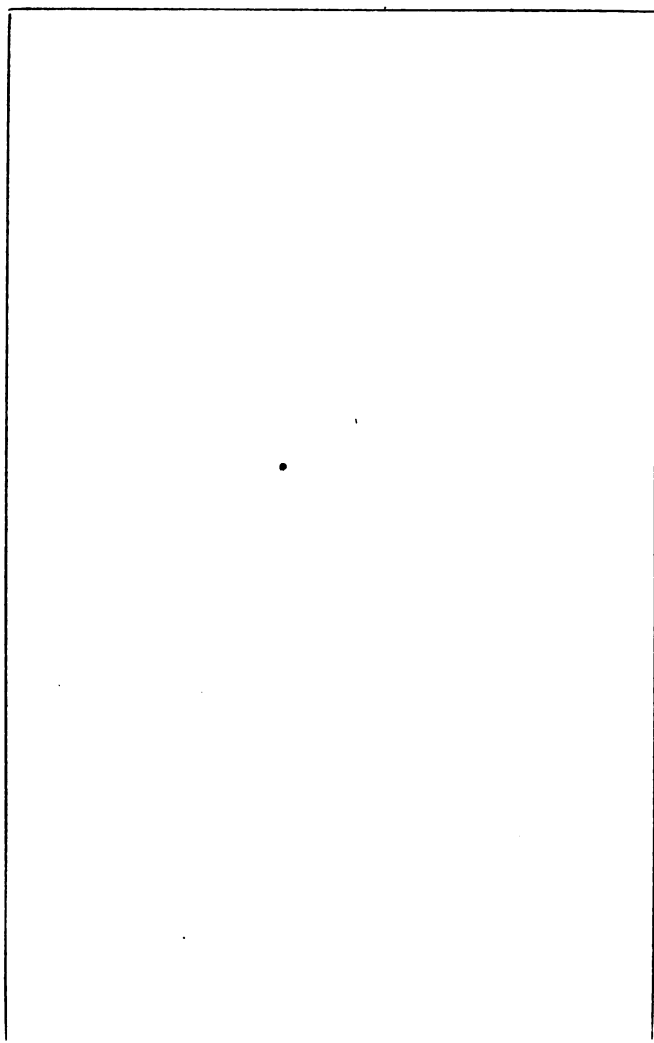
SEVERAL of the following Hymns and Meditations, were written during a brief visit of recreation, amidst the beautiful scenery which surrounds Bolton Abbey; and others, soon after, under the impulse there received. Hence the title. Some earlier rhythmical attempts are introduced, which may add little to the value of the book,—but,

—“ I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each ”—

not only by what the Poet designates as ‘*natural piety*,’ but also by that which acknowledges a higher origin.

These rhymes are arranged not in the order of their dates, but with the idea of preserving some unity and sequence of subject throughout the book, as a development of religious feeling. Some of them are suitable for psalmody, and to these the letters indicating the metre, are appended in the index of first lines. The Author does not claim for them the high rank of *poetry*; but their publication as *devout meditations in verse*, will not be altogether unjustifiable, if that which has given him so much pleasure in the production, shall prove helpful to the spiritual life of any one, in the perusal.

N. H.



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Introductory Sonnet.

BOLTON ABBEY.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall
bless thee."—*Psalm* cxlv. 10.

ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
'Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around,
Old Wharfe flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays;
Some kind and soothing influence all have given—
The mouldering Abbey, and the moss-grown grave,
The breezy moorland, and the rock-nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest—all direct to Heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

BOLTON ABBEY,
September 8, 1857.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

“ Know ye not that ye are the temple of God ? ”—1 *Cor.* iii. 16.

LIKE some fair temple overthrown,
With broken arch and crumbling stone,
The soul, though reared by hands divine,
In ruin lies, a shattered shrine.

These walls now roofless, rent and bare,
Once echoed to the chanted prayer ;
And joyful strains of holy song,
Sublimely rolled these aisles along.

Kindled and nourished from above,
The altar-flame of Faith and Love
Within the heart was burning bright,
Diffusing round its tranquil light.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

But sin that sacred flame has quenched,
And from its base that altar wrenched ;
While reptiles foul and birds unclean
In that once holy place are seen.

Yet, though polluted and defaced,
Its pristine form may yet be traced ;
And on its sculptured fragments, still
The Builder's name is legible.

Restore thy ruined temple, Lord !
O speak the soul-transforming word !
Thy cleansing blood can expiate,
Thy Holy Spirit new-create !

Remove the deep and deadly stain,
Of orgies dark and rites profane !
Bid lust, pride, selfishness depart,
Drive every idol from my heart !

Let sacrilegious foot no more
Presume to tread that temple floor ;
Henceforth be no pollution found
To desecrate this holy ground.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

Rebuild the altar, kindle there
The incense of habitual prayer;
And let the sacrifice of love
Accepted rise, through Christ, above.

Let patient efforts to fulfil
Thy holy, wise, and gracious will,
A constant psalm of praise uplift,
More prized by Thee than pompous gift.

Let tower and pinnacle arise,
From earth up-soaring to the skies;
And every thought and purpose be
An aspiration unto Thee!

Thus, Lord, my ruined soul restore,
To be thy home for evermore;
A glorious, consecrated shrine,
Eternally, completely thine!

BOLTON ABBEY,
September 1857.

CREATION'S LORD.

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—*Phil.* ii. 9—11.

JESUS! how boundless is thy sway,
How universal thy domain!
Unnumbered worlds thy will obey,
And joyful own thy right to reign.

At thy command the thunder's crash
Awakes the waves and bids them roar;
Goaded with lightning, wild they dash
With foaming fury on the shore.

Thou speakest! and the stormy sea
Is lulled to slumber silently;
The clouds with swift obedience flee,
And all is calm serenity.

But earth does not thine empire bound,
It stretches through infinity!
And all the stars with awe profound
Obey—adore the Deity.

CREATION'S LORD.

Since thus unbounded is thy might,
What must the SEAT of empire be !
Thy Throne !—whereon, arrayed in light,
Thou reignest through eternity !

Millions of spirits there attend,
Thine every purpose to fulfil,
Veiling their faces as they bend
To listen to thy sovereign will.

Shall I, then, dare,—a thing of clay,
Thy power and greatness to defy ?
Shall I presume to disobey
This God of glorious majesty ?

Jesus ! subdue my rebel soul,
Reign Thou supreme within my heart !
My evil passions all control,
Nor let me from thy law depart !

O melt me by that glowing love,
Which shines from Heaven supremely bright;
Then take me to thy courts above,
To serve for ever in thy sight !

PENNDEN HEATH,
September, 1836.

THE NIAGARA OF SIN.

"Lord, save us ; we perish."—*Matt.* viii. 25.

[This hymn may be adapted to any long metre tune by singing the word 'save' in every fourth line, three times.]

SAVE Lord, I perish ! sin's strong tide,
Smooth, treach'rous, rapid, deadly, wide,
Hurries me headlong from thy side ;
Save, or I perish, Lord !

Madly I slept upon the stream,
Gliding along as in a dream ;
Waking—on Hell's dark brink I seem !
Save, or I perish, Lord !

The howling fall I dare not brave,
Yet cannot stem the giant wave ;
Helpless—I cry to Thee to save !
Save, or I perish, Lord !

THE NIAGARA OF SIN.

Spirit of Love ! I now implore
Thy aid, rejected, scorned before,
To snatch me from the rapids' roar—
Save, or I perish, Lord !

Jesus ! I faint, I sink, I die ;
Yet sinking, fix my anguished eye
On Thee, and from the torrent cry—
Save, or I perish, Lord !

Thou canst ! Thou wilt ! Thy hand I see,
Long slighted, still held forth to me !
I grasp that hand, I cling to Thee !
Save, or I perish, Lord !

From the Author's Tract—"A Warning Cry from Niagara."

THE LEPER'S PRAYER.

"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."—*Matt.* viii. 2.

ON Thee, O Lord, on Thee alone,
My trembling hope is built,—
O hear my sad and suppliant groan ;
Thou canst Lord, if Thou wilt.

In thy kind breast the atoning sword
Was buried to the hilt ;
Apply to me thy saving word,
Thou canst Lord, if Thou wilt.

Take from my soul its heavy load
Of aggravated guilt ;
And fit me for thine own abode,
Thou canst Lord, if Thou wilt.

But why should I thy mercy doubt
Whose blood for me was spilt ?
Henceforth I'll Hallelujah shout—
Thou canst, *because* Thou wilt !

BOLTON ABBEY,
September 1857.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner."—*Luke* xviii. 13.

BURDENED beneath a load of sin,
Deserving for that sin to die,
O how can I find peace within?
Whither for succour can I fly?
Father! I raise my prayer to Thee!
O God, be merciful to me!

No righteousness have I to boast;
Without excuse, condemned I stand;
If dealt with justly, I am lost,
Banished to hell from thy left hand!
A ruined soul, I come to Thee,
O God, be merciful to me!

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

'Gainst reason's voice I've oft rebelled,
'Gainst conscience, and thy holy word,
The strivings of the Spirit quelled,
The world, to thine own Son preferred :
For sins like mine can pardon be ?
O God, be merciful to me !

Thy mercy 's vast, thy love is free,
I have no confidence beside ;
This, this alone is all my plea—
' For me the Saviour lived and died ! '
For his sake then, I cry to Thee,
O God, be merciful to me !

HULL, 1843.

THE SINNER'S APPEAL TO THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

"O! spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence,
and be no more."—*Psalm xxxix.* 13.

FRIEND of sinners, hear my cry !
Cast on me thy pitying eye !
Groaning 'neath a load of sin,
Foes without, and fears within,
Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Pardon, cleanse me, ere I die !

Friend indeed Thou art to me,
Yet how cold my love to Thee !
Shunning oft thy kind embrace,
Slighting oft thy spirit's grace—
Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
Warm my heart before I die !

THE SINNER'S APPEAL TO THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

How I love life's fleeting show !
How my breast's deep feelings glow
Unto kindred, friends, and home,
While from Thee so oft I roam !
Sinner's Friend, O hear my cry,
Quicken, strengthen, ere I die !

Send me succour from above,
Fill me with constraining love,
All my sinful passions quell,
Come and ever in me dwell !
Friend of Sinners, hear my cry,
Fully save me ere I die !

'Neath thy shadow let me hide,
Happy ever at thy side,
Faithful to the end of life,
Victor in the closing strife,
Sinners' Friend, O be Thou nigh,
Save, receive me, when I die !

HULL,
March, 1844.

THE SUPPLIANT AND THE SAVIOUR.

"And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean."—*Mark* i. 41.

LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst restore,
My leprous, dying soul;
Stretch forth thy gracious, healing hand,
Thy touch can make me whole.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst efface
Sin's dark and deadly stain;
Cleanse me from all defilement Lord,
Nor let one spot remain.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst renew
My spirit by thine own;
O give to me a heart of flesh,
And break this heart of stone.

THE SUPPLIANT AND THE SAVIOUR.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst conform
My stubborn will to thine ;
Rule every thought, and may thy light
In all my actions shine.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst console
In sorrow's darkest hour ;
O cheer me by thy sympathy,
Sustain me by thy power.

Lord, if Thou wilt, the weakest saint
Shall triumph over death ;
Joyful thy praises may I sing,
With my last parting breath.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst reclaim
My body from the grave ;
The "Resurrection and the Life,"
Mighty art Thou to save.

Thou canst ! Thou wilt ! almighty power
Is linked with boundless love ;
By grace divine I'll serve Thee here,
And dwell with Thee above !

LONDON,
October, 1857.

PRAYER FOR SANCTIFYING
GRACE.

“If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.”—*John xiv. 14.*

RELYING on thy promise, Lord,
My wants I bring to Thee ;
Thy name I plead—fulfil thy word—
Complete thy work in me !

O let thy sanctifying grace
Daily renew my heart ;
All signs of Satan’s reign efface,
And thine own love impart.

Help me with godly grief to mourn,
Each act or thought of sin ;
Then heal the heart with anguish torn,
Pouring sweet mercy in.

PRAYER FOR SANCTIFYING GRACE.

United by the strongest ties
To Thee, may I resign
Myself, a living sacrifice,
And all I have be thine.

Richly within me shed abroad,
By thine own Spirit given,
The purifying love of God,
To fit my soul for Heaven.

With all the church, there may I spend—
From sin and sorrow free,
The sinner, with the sinner's Friend—
A long eternity !

HULL,
December, 1843.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!"—*Luke xi. 13.*

SPIRIT of God! whose power alone
Can new-create this heart of stone;
O listen to my earnest cry,
Nor leave me in my sins to die.

Spirit of Light! dispel the cloud
That darkly doth my soul enshroud;
Reveal my ruin, let me see
In Jesus, my sure remedy.

Spirit of Love! with heavenly fire
This cold and callous heart inspire,
That I may gladly yield my all
To Him who saves from Satan's thrall.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Spirit of Holiness ! expel
All sinful thoughts that in me dwell ;
This temple consecrate, and deign
Here to abide, instruct, and reign.

Adopting Spirit ! cast out fear,
That filial love may draw me near ;
Fain would I—‘Abba, Father,’ say,
And as a child, confide, obey.

Spirit of Prayer ! instruct me how
Before the throne of God to bow !
And pleading Jesu’s precious name,
His purchased blessings humbly claim.

Consoling Spirit ! peace impart
When care and grief distract my heart ;
Assure me of a Saviour’s love,
And cheer with hope of joys above.

Spirit of Might !—all weakness, I
On thy assisting grace rely ;
Help me to fight the fight of faith,
Satan o’erthrow, and conquer death.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Of Heaven the Earnest and the Seal,
Let me thy constant influence feel,
And of the future world's high bliss
Give me some foretaste, e'en in this !

Thus Holy Ghost ! thy work complete,
Thus make my soul for glory meet ;
Then to the Father, Son, and Thee,
I'll render praise eternally !

HULL, November, 1845.

THE HOLY SPIRIT WITHDRAWN.

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—*Psalm li. 11.*

Long slighted, will the Spirit cease
To plead with this insensate heart ?
Oft wounded, will the Dove of Peace
From so unkind a breast depart ?

Deprived of his assisting grace
I cannot watch, or fight, or pray ;
I ne'er shall win the heavenly race,
But eager run the downward way.

O Thou long-suffering Spirit, still
With this rebellious heart abide !
Control my selfish, wayward will,
Subdue my sins, destroy my pride.

THE HOLY SPIRIT WITHDRAWN.

True, I have oft thy counsels spurned,
Against thy strivings dared to fight,
Oft quenched the flame that in me burned,
And to thy grace done sore despite.

I've laboured long and hard to grieve
My best, my kindest, tend'rest friend,
And well deserve He now should leave
A heart such kindness fails to bend.

Yet leave me not, Thou heavenly Dove!
Helpless, undone, to Thee I cry;
Pardon my crimes against thy love,
Nor from the contrite sinner fly!

Now let my heart be opened wide,
Great Sanctifier, enter in!
Apply the blood of Him who died,
And take away the power of sin.

Make me thy living temple, Lord!
O come and dwell within my breast,
My Counsellor, beloved, adored,—
My Guide to Heaven's eternal rest.

THE COMFORTER.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—
Isaiah lxvi. 13.

"The Comforter, the Holy Ghost."—*John* xiv. 26.

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession within us, with groanings which cannot be uttered."—*Rom.* viii. 26.

A LITTLE child in guilty fear
From its kind Father fled;
For it had grieved that Father dear,
By evil done and said;
But still with looks and accents mild,
The Father called that wayward child.

Without forgiveness humbly sought
True joy it ne'er can know,
It hourly needs some benefit
He only can bestow,
Yet still in fear it shrinks away
And dares not to its Father pray.

But see! its tender Mother comes
To calm its fluttering heart;

THE COMFORTER.

Its fear to quell, its grief to soothe,
And peaceful hope impart—
With love's own soft but potent chain
She gently draws it back again.

By her instructed what to say
The child now ventures near ;
Pardon is found as soon as sought,
Love wipes off every tear,
And Father, Mother, both rejoice
To hear its filial, suppliant voice.

Thus, Motherlike, the Holy Ghost
Helps our infirmities ;
We know not how to pray aright,
But He, with groans and sighs
Which spoken words can ne'er express,
Prompts us to breathe our deep distress.

Joyful the Father sees the child
So guided to his throne ;
While Christ the Elder Brother pleads,
Making our cause his own ;
Thus Father, Son, and Spirit blend
Their help, lost sinners to befriend.

LONDON,
October, 1857.

THE HOLY SPIRIT, OUR HELPER.

"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."—*Rom.* viii. 26.

HOLY Spirit, succour me
Compassed with infirmity !
I am wicked, feeble, blind—
Be my Helper—faithful, kind !

Help me to repent of sin,
Help me to be pure within,
Every lust may I forsake,
Every evil habit break.

Help me patiently to bear
Sorrow, pain, and anxious care ;
Help me to be strong in faith,
Trusting all my Saviour saith.

Ever may I Him obey,
Never from his foot-marks stray,
My affections fixed above,
May I serve because I love.

BOLTON ABBEY,
September, 1857.

HEAVENLY TREASURE.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."—*Matt.* vi. 20.

WHY should we lay up treasures here below,
Where moth and rust corrupt?—why fix our heart
On that from which so quickly we must part?
Why on an ocean where such tempests blow
Embark so rich a freight? Why, midst the snow
Of so unkind a winter, plant a flower
So fragrant, yet so frail? Why build Hope's tower
Where lightnings flash, and whelming torrents flow?
But if our highest energies are bent
In God and Heaven a portion to ensure,
Midst every change our wealth will be secure;
When the destroying angels forth are sent,
When melts away the starry firmament,
Our bliss, unharmed, shall e'en like God, endure.

THE BEST GIFT.

"My son, give me thy heart."—*Prov.* xxiii. 26.

"There is none upon earth I desire beside Thee."—*Psalms* lxxiii. 25.

WERE I, on God's high altar, to present
All I possess,—if, as a sacrifice,
I offered up whate'er men chiefly prize—
Yea, if the splendours of the firmament,
The universe itself, if all were sent
As tribute to the Monarch of the skies—
Without my heart, such gifts He would despise :
Without such gifts, my heart would Him content.
So—I should still unsatisfied remain,
If riches, honour, fame, and friends were mine—
Of poverty, my soul would still complain ;
Beyond thy gifts, for Thee—for Thee I pine—
Without Thyself, such gifts would all be vain,
Without such gifts, Thyself were endless gain.

TO A FAVORITE CHURCH.

"Surely the Lord is in this place. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."—*Gen. xxviii. 17.*

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth."—*Psa. xxvi. 8.*

T'WARDS yonder temple oft I've bent my way,
And oft those sacred steps my feet have trod ;
It was none other than the House of God,
And there I've heard attendant angels say
"This is the gate of Heaven—stay, pilgrim! stay!"
How often have I longed to linger there
In sacred exercise of praise and prayer,
And sighed for an eternal sabbath day!
There oft I've caught a soul-transporting ray
From the mild splendour of the throne of grace ;
There oft, by faith, I've listened to the lay
Sung by the choirs who gaze on Jesu's face ;
And thence have longed to mount, and soar away,
That I might join them in that blissful place.

STAR-LIGHT MUSINGS.

"As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy
toward them that fear Him."—*Psalms ciii. 11.*

If Light her pinions swift could lend
That to yon star I might ascend,
And then, through space my path pursue
Till Earth should vanish from my view :—

If, pausing on the Milky Way,
I might, with wond'ring gaze, survey
The countless orbs which throng the sky,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye :—

Thence mounting, could I wing my flight
Through unknown realms of starry light,
Upward, still upward, till I found
The vast creation's farthest bound :—

The loftiest point I thus might gain
Would still leave all my efforts vain,
The length, and breadth, and height to span
Of the Redeemer's love to man.

PENNDEN HEATH,
Sunday night, August 14, 1836.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ;
and when he saw him, he had compassion on him."—*Luke x. 33.*

FROM Jerusalem the peaceful,
By a path too often trod,
Down to Jericho I journeyed,
City of the curse of God.

Leaving Salem far behind me,
As I blindly onward prest,
Robbers strong and stern assailed me,
Who that dark ravine infest.

Of my treasure they bereft me,
Wounded me in heart and head ;
Naked, wounded, faint, they left me,
Surely thinking I was dead.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Sad indeed was my condition,
Stripped of every hope I lay ;
Guilty, yet without contrition,
Trembling, yet I could not pray.

Moses passed me, but he only
Proved how helpless was my case ;
Aaron in his robes swept by me,
Saw—but slackened not his pace.

Prophets, Priests, Apostles, Martyrs,
A triumphant, glorious throng,
Sympathized, but could not save me,
Kindly looked, but passed along.

Saints and Angels all united
Could not save—they all passed by—
But with love and joy they pointed
Unto One who now drew nigh.

Lo ! He comes, despised, rejected,
Angels' Lord, yet spurned by man ;
Sinners proud will have no dealings
With this scorned 'Samaritan.'

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

He beheld me, pitied, loved me,
Promptly to my succour ran,
And revealed Himself unto me—
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Great Physician, wounds the deepest
Thou hast skill and power to heal;
O'er my bleeding soul Thou weapest,
True compassion Thou dost feel.

Wine pour on me, probing, cleansing,
Though my wounds may smart with pain;
Then with healing oil anoint me,
Pardoned, I'll rejoice again.

Wrap me in the spotless raiment
Of thy righteousness complete;
Though I ne'er can render payment,
Clothe me, Lord, from head to feet.

From the mire of sin uplift me,
All my woes and weakness bear;
In Thyself, sole Refuge, hide me,
All I need is treasured there.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Though, unseen, Thou often seemest
Like a traveller passed away,
Ever near me, Thou suppliest
All my wants from day to day.

Let me taste thy love unceasing,
Feed me, clothe me, guard, console ;
Hourly be my debt increasing !
Jesus has endorsed the whole !

When in glory Thou returnest,
Shew that all demands are paid ;
Answer to the claims of Justice,
That my guilt on Thee is laid.

From the inn, to thine own Palace
Then remove me, heavenly Friend !
Having once my soul embracèd,
Thou wilt love me to the end.

Then I'll sing with all the ransomed,
Sovereign Love's completed plan,
And adore with ceaseless rapture
CHRIST, THE GOOD SAMARITAN !

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

PART II.

May the love of such a Saviour
Prompt me to the love of man ;
May I copy the behaviour
Of this Good Samaritan !

May I be to all a neighbour,
Feel I *ought*, because I *can* ;
And for other's welfare labour
Like this Good Samaritan !

SURREY CHAPEL,
October, 1857.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—*Matthew xvi. 24.*

(This hymn may be sung to any long metre tune, by repeating in every fourth line, the word "follow.")

ACCEPTING, Lord, thy gracious call,
Lo ! at thy feet, I humbly fall,
Release my soul from Satan's thrall,
And let me follow Thee !

I would obey thy kind command
To journey towards the better land—
But need thy guiding, strengthening hand ;
Help me to follow Thee !

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart,
To warm with love my sluggish heart,
Then gladly from all sin I'll part,
And rise to follow Thee !

FOLLOWING JESUS.

My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee !

So closely, that thy faintest voice
My heart may reach and bid rejoice,
Fixing on Thee its stedfast choice,—
Thus, I would follow Thee !

By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee !

Whene'er the road is rough and steep,
Whene'er the floods roll strong and deep,
Although, distressed, I groan and weep,
Still may I follow Thee !

When fears and foes beset my way,
When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee !

FOLLOWING JESUS.

At every hour, in every place,
Amidst all changes, give me grace
With patient, plodding, onward pace,
Closely to follow Thee !

Courageously, whoe'er my foes,
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose,
Unto my journey's final close,
Help me to follow Thee !

Then along Heaven's own pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
By Victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee !

(From the Author's tract "Follow Jesus.")

TEMPTATION.

“ Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”—
Matt. xxvi. 41.

O THAT my soul were free from sin,
Completely purified within,
Completely rescued from the sway
Of him, whom death's dark realms obey !

Sin is my worst, my deadliest foe,
Sin caused the Saviour's blood to flow,
And sin would plunge me into Hell,
In darkness and despair to dwell.

Shall I then welcome with a smile,
Satan, advancing to beguile ?
Or for one moment lingering stand,
When this destroyer's near at hand ?

TEMPTATION.

Shall I one moment stop to gaze
Upon his robe's deceitful blaze?
And trifle with the deadly dart
Which he is aiming at my heart?

Lord! give me grace that I may fly,
Whene'er I see the tempter nigh,
Nor loiter on the dangerous ground
Where his enchanting snares abound.

Secure me safe within thy fold,
My spirit to thy likeness mould,
That sin may be my bitterest gall,
And Jesus be—my all in all.

CHRISTIAN VICTORY.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”—*Rev. ii. 17.*

(This hymn may be sung to any long metre tune, by repeating in every fourth line, the two syllables printed in italics.)

SALVATION'S Captain, mighty Lord,
Fulfil in me thy gracious word,
Help me to wield the conqueror's sword,
Help me to overcome!

The world, the flesh, the powers of hell,
Are foes too strong for me to quell;
Unless thy Spirit in me dwell
I cannot overcome.

I must be vanquished in such fight,
I faint, I fall without thy might;
Strengthen my soul—guide, guard, incite,—
That I may overcome.

CHRISTIAN VICTORY.

On Hidden Manna let me feed,
Thou only canst supply my need,
Thy blood, thy flesh, are meat indeed,
By Thee I'll overcome.

Write thy new name on love's "White Stone,"
Name only to thy kindred known—
Give me this pledge that Thou wilt own
And help me to o'ercome.

Here may I read th' Eternal Three,
Friend—Brother—Father—are to me,
Thy full salvation let me see,
And strong with joy, o'ercome.

Make me to know my sins forgiven,
My foes each day more backward driven,
And in th' exulting hope of heaven,
Nerve me to overcome.

Feeble, yet mighty through thy power,
Thus may I fight till life's last hour,
Nor fear when death's dark tempests lower,
But to the end o'ercome.

CHRISTIAN VICTORY.

Then, hail'd by comrades gone before,
Convey me to that peaceful shore,
Where war's alarms are heard no more
By those who overcome !

With warrior saints of high renown,
At victory's feast shall *I* sit down ?
Shall *I* receive the conqueror's crown ?
Shall I thus overcome ?

All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
To Thee alone shall rendered be,
Both now, and through eternity,
By all who overcome !

(From the Author's tract "Christian Victory.")

THE CONTRAST.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."—

Col. iii. 2.

THE fairest flower that ever bloomed
Must droop and die ; the brightest day
In evening gloom shall fade away ;
To death each new-born joy is doomed.

Wealth, faithless flatterer, soon takes wing,
Or where it lingers, cannot feed
The immortal spirit's mighty need ;
The golden sheath oft hides a sting.

Mirth is a bubble soon to burst ;
Friends most beloved may prove unkind ;
Death will the closest ties unbind ;
Our best delights by sin are curst.

THE CONTRAST.

There is a flower which ne'er can fade ;
A priceless treasure none can steal ;
A balm which every wound can heal ;
A hope on sure foundations laid.

There is a Friend—LIFE, LOVE, his name,
Who cannot faint, or fail, or die ;
But strong to help is always nigh,
In grief and gladness still the same.

There is a home in Heaven above,
Where kindred souls ne'er part again ;
But free from death, sin, care, and pain,
Dwell with this Friend in perfect love.

October, 1857.

THE DISCIPLE'S GETHSEMANE.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—*Matt.* xxvi. 39.

FATHER, let this cup pass from me,
Filled to the brim with gall ;
To *taste* alone, is misery,
How can I drink it all ?

I hold it with a trembling hand,
Amazement chills my heart ;
O let this cup, at thy command,
This bitter cup depart !

Keener than torments flesh can know,
Are those the mind assail—
The bloody sweat revealed a woe
Surpassing scourge and nail !

THE DISCIPLE'S GETHSEMANE.

If it be possible, O Lord,
Let this cup pass from me ;
Hear thine own agonizing word
From dark Gethsemane !

Yet Father, not my will, but thine,
Thy only will be done—
And make thy loving purpose *mine*,
Through Jesus Christ thy Son !

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

—*Proverbs* xvii. 17.

BROTHER in adversity,
Look upon my misery ;
Suffering Saviour, mighty Friend,
Bid these bitter sorrows end :
Or if, sent to make me pure,
I must still such pain endure—
Let this earnest prayer prevail,
Suffer not my faith to fail.

Why am I thus sorely tried ?
Why so long seems help denied ?
Why, by roads so little known,
Must I journey thus alone ?
Pardon, Jesus, these complaints
When my burdened spirit faints ;
Help me ! and I'll trust Thee still,
Made submissive to thy will.

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

Rough the pathway, dark the night,
Lend thine arm, reveal thy light ;
Wide and deep the streams I wade,
Let me on thy love be stayed.
Threatening foes around me stand,
Jesus shield me with thy hand !
Lord, I faint, be Thou my strength,
Bring me safe to Heaven at length.

There, from every burden free,
Perfected in purity,
Toils and sorrows left behind,
Full salvation may I find.
Welcomed by the angelic throng
May I join their rapturous song,
Praise ascribing unto Thee,
Brother ! Lord ! eternally !

IT IS I.

"Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—*Matthew xiv. 27.*

(This hymn may be sung to any long metre tune, by repeating in every fourth line, the words "'Tis I.")

SAVIOUR! when wildest storms of care,
Would sink my heart in deep despair,
O let me hear thy voice declare
 'Tis I!—be not afraid!

Say to my troubled soul—'Tis I!
Love rides upon the gloomy sky—
Not wrath, nor chance, nor destiny!
 'Tis I!—be not afraid!

When wave on wave assails thy bark,
When frightful forms howl thro' the dark,
Amid the tempest's roaring—hark!—
 'Tis I!—be not afraid!

IT IS I.

While yet thy voice my help doth crave,
Kind to console, and strong to save,
My pathway the tumultuous wave—
'Tis I !—be not afraid !

Why tremble, as on ruin's brink ?
Be of good cheer, thou canst not sink ;
O why so faithless thus to think ?—
'Tis I !—be not afraid !

'Tis I—thy stedfast loving Friend !
Round thee my arms of might extend,
My words with the loud thunder blend,—
'Tis I !—be not afraid !

For thee I once was tempest-driven ;
With hostile winds I too have striven ;
Grief keener far, my soul hath riven—
'Tis I !—be not afraid !

HUMAN like thee—I sympathize ;
DIVINE—I rule the stormy skies ;
Lift up thine heart, and dry thine eyes—
'Tis I !—be not afraid !

IT IS I.

I come to bid the waves be still,
Thy anxious soul with peace to fill,
And turn to good each seeming ill—

'Tis I!—be not afraid !

The gale shall speed thee on thy way,
The lightning lend a helpful ray,
The dark more quickly bring the day—

'Tis I!—be not afraid

Soon shall the storm be changed to calm,
The oar of toil to conqueror's palm,
The prayer of fear to rapture's psalm—

'Tis I!—be not afraid !

In heaven shall roll no stormy sea,
Thy peace shall there unbroken be,
At home eternally with Me,

Thou ne'er shalt be afraid !

*(From the Author's Tract—"It is I, or the Voice of Jesus in
the Storm.")*

“FATHER! UNDERTAKE FOR ME.”

“O Lord I am oppressed, undertake for me!”

Isaiah xxxviii. 14.

O THOU that with a Father's care
Dost hearken to thy children's prayer,
Our least concerns attract thine eye,
And gain thy gracious sympathy.

Thou knowest all our hopes and fears,
Our joys and sorrows, smiles and tears;
'Tis Thou who every good dost send,
And from all evil dost defend.

To Thee I lift my humble faith,
Believing what the Scripture saith;
And, “casting all my care on Thee,”
Pray—“Father undertake for me.”

Events are all beneath thy hand,
The mountains melt at thy command,
Then every fear must groundless be
When Thou shalt “undertake for me.”

"FATHER! UNDERTAKE FOR ME."

If Thou dost deck the lilies fair,
And for the sparrow takest care,
Thy *children* Thou wilt never see
Forsaken—"Undertake for me."

Confirm my faith, and cleanse my heart,
Love, righteousness, and peace impart,
If *thus* I'm blessed, my prayer will be
Best answered,—“undertake for me.”

O that on each beloved Friend
Thy choicest blessings may descend!
Prompt and accept their several plea,
“My Father undertake for me.”

Whate'er betide us, weal or woe,
To Thee, with boldness may we go,
And all things to our Father tell,
Joy to enhance or grief to quell.

O be thy love our highest joy,
Thy service free our blest employ,
From Thee let nothing sever, thus
Our Father “undertake for us.”

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

"I trusted in Thee, O Lord : I said, Thou art my God, my times
are in thy hand !"—*Psalm xxxi.* 14, 15.

My times are in thy hand !
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely
Who fixed the earth, and spread the
starry sky.

My times are in thy hand !
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best ; I wish no lot beside.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

My times are in thy hand !

Should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom—
Thou art a Friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same, in Thee all
beauties blend.

My times are in thy hand !

Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to thy praise,
May ready be,
To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit
free.

My times are in thy hand !

Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden, or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my Friend !

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

If *He* is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in thy hand !
To Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay, till thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,
Awaking from the dust.
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all thy saints to spend eternity !

To spend eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light !
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling Thee—
O too transporting sight !
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear,
Haste ! haste ! my Lord, and soon
transport me there !

(From the Author's Memoir of Dr. Gordon, entitled "The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death." It was a hymn from which Dr. G. derived comfort during his illness in 1848-9.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 8.

THE Lord of Life, who holds the keys of Death,
At length has claimed the patient sufferer's breath;
Rolled back the bolt, and opened wide the door
That leads to realms where pain assails no more.

Midst daily works of faith, in manhood's noon,*
We think that he is summoned hence too soon;
Admired, beloved, home's joy, the poor man's Friend,
Too soon we deem such useful life hath end.

Yet why too soon? Too soon for us who mourn,
But not for him who from us hath been torn;
Too soon, he could not taste celestial bliss,
Too soon, he could not dwell where Jesus is.

Then let us sorrow, not as without hope,
Let us no more midst earthly shadows grope;
But heavenward gaze where he will never know,
Return, or painful memory, of woe.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The dead we mourn for ; but he truly lives,
Sharing the endless life which Jesus gives ;
We'll therefore celebrate his glorious birth,—
We are the dead, who linger still on earth.

Thou who didst die that dying men might live,
To *us*, the *dead*, thy quickening Spirit give !
That when we reach the last, the trying hour,
We may be saved from Death's destroying power !

O may we safely pass the swelling flood,
And, cleansed from every stain, through Jesu's blood,
Meet, ne'er again to part, on Canaan's shore,
Kindred and friends, "not lost, but gone before."

* In allusion to the Author's Father-in-law, Dr. Gordon, of Hull,
who died Feb. 7, 1849, aged 47 years.

THE GRAVE AND THE BIRTH-DAY.

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."—

John xi. 26.

[The occasion of the following lines was our usual visit to the grave of Dr. Gordon on his birth-day. They are inserted partly to gratify the Author's affection for his friend, and partly in the idea that they may be interesting to some persons who have become familiar with the last scenes of Dr. Gordon's life, through the narrative entitled—"The Christian Philosopher triumphing over Death."]

AND can it be that thou art really *dead* ?
This is a day which only speaks of *Life* !
For at old Fountains, on this happy morn,
Thine eyes first saw the light. As child, youth, man,
How gladly hast thou greeted its return !
And we have shared thy joy—a holiday
Of more than usual love and cheerfulness,
When *every* day was love and cheerfulness.
But now, alas, we meet around thy grave,
And—the sole tribute which our love can render,—
We plant this drooping flower above thy head.

THE GRAVE AND THE BIRTH-DAY.

No loving voice replies ! no radiant smile
Watches our melancholy, pleasing task !
Yet fancy well can picture thee, e'en now
Hov'ring around us ; and our hearts are sure
That thou art not unconscious of our love,
Midst yonder blaze of heavenly blessedness.

Dead ? No ! thou livest ! 'Tis a day of *Life* !
Thou hast been born anew, ' born from above !'
O glorious hour, when 'mongst the sons of God
Made perfect, thou wast welcomed with a shout
Of gratulation brotherly, and praise !

Thus spake " the Resurrection and the Life "—
" They that believe in Me, shall never die."
And never, never wast thou so alive,
As when admiring thousands mourned thee *dead* !
That was thy noblest *birth*. And as we watched
Thy last convulsive struggles to be free,
We caught the heavenly radiance which thy soul
Flung back on the poor body, as it soared
Straight to the realms of everlasting bliss !

Oh no ! thou art not dead ! Therefore we hail
Once more thy birth-day—happier far to thee
Than any spent in this dark world of sin.
Thy largest hopes fulfilled, thou dwellest now

THE GRAVE AND THE BIRTH-DAY.

Where perfect Righteousness, and Love supreme,
Pervade all hearts—where Tyranny and Wrong
No more oppose the everlasting march
Of man's true progress—where no splendid lies,
(Their hideous deformity concealed
By fashion's specious garniture) receive
On regal thrones the homage of the crowd,
While Truth, like Laz'rus, wounded and in rags,
Lies out-cast and neglected. Thy fond dream
Of universal Brotherhood and Peace,—
Which Earth shall yet behold accomplished,
Because by Christ predicted and ordained,—
Is there a blest reality. The joy
Of each augments the happiness of all.

And thou art there! Not in the unconscious grave,
But in that world of life we picture thee,
Where death ne'er enters, and no sin defiles.
We grieved to lose thee; but we dare not wish
To call thee back from such amazing joy
To these dark realms of sorrow. In thy bliss
Rather would we exult, and give God thanks!
For, changed into the image of thy Lord,
Thyself made perfect, with congenial minds,
(God's aristocracy!) thou dost commune,
In holiest ties of sympathy conjoined.
The character and wondrous works of Him

THE GRAVE AND THE BIRTH-DAY.

Whose face thou dost behold in unveil'd light
Furnish an endless theme of blissful thought
And noblest colloquy. Not "in the midst
Of usefulness cut off, never again
To be employed in serving others"—no !
The high behests of Heaven employ thee now,
The thousand ministries of active love,
Untrammelled by the frailties of the flesh.
Enlarging knowledge of the Most High God,
Love with that knowledge growing boundlessly.
Unwearying service, and still new delights,
Prompt rapturous Hallelujahs ever new.
Thus thou, whom men call dead, an endless day
Without or cloud or night, dost joyful spend,
Peacefully drinking of the streams of Life,
Which, clear as crystal, gush eternally
Forth from the Sapphire Throne.

There we shall meet
Where dread of separation ne'er intrudes,
And ever our true birth-day celebrate.

HULL CEMETERY,
August 2, 1850.

A BIRTH-DAY SALUTATION.

(In connexion with the preceding allusions to Dr. Gordon, the Author ventures to introduce the following lines to his Wife, as they refer to the decease of her Father.)

“ The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ! ”—*Numbers* vi. 24.

BLEST be this day of holy mirth
That drowned in bliss a Mother's woe,
And bade a Father's heart to glow
With rapture at such Daughter's birth !

His manly heart with love to thee,
Tender as woman's, throbbed and thrilled ;
And, O ! what joy my bosom filled
A sharer in such love to be !

He was my Brother, true and tried !
And unto thee my heart is bound
With ties the holiest to be found—
Can death this three-fold cord divide ?

A BIRTH-DAY SALUTATION.

Will such pure friendship ever cease ?
Can Heaven's refined, unselfish joy,
The fellowship of love destroy,
Because from *sin* we gain release ?

No ! he is surely here to-day !
While Mother, Husband, fondly greet
The Child, the Wife, with tribute meet,
The Father could not keep away !

Thou wilt not less esteem, dear wife,
This birth-day tribute of my love,
Because it links my friend above
With thee, true partner of my life.

Dear ! doubly dear ! child of my friend !
My own choice Wife ! our souls with thine,
In such endearing closeness twine,
Nor time, nor change, the links can rend.

God's blessing richly on thee rest !
May each succeeding birthday be
A holier, happier one to thee,
Till Heaven shall make us fully blest !

SPRING-BANK, HULL,
November 12, 1850.

EARTHLY TRIALS AND HEAVENLY BLESSINGS.

"As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing."—2 *Cor.* vi. 10.

CHRISTIAN ! why those looks of sadness,
Why those tears that dim thine eye ?
Hast forgot the realms of gladness
Whither thou must shortly fly ?
Oh ! why should we mourn
O'er the thorns in a road
Which conducts to the palace
And presence of God ?

Do the cares of life perplex us,
Of the world's fast fleeting show ?
Trials soon no more shall vex us,
Troubles we shall never know
When with harp-notes of angels
Our voices we raise,
In harmonious concert,
The Saviour to praise.

EARTHLY TRIALS AND HEAVENLY BLESSINGS.

Have our dearest kindred left us,
And do tears of sorrow flow?
Has the greedy grave bereft us?—
In the home to which we go
Again we shall meet them,
And endlessly love,
For death never enters
The mansions above.

Groan we here 'neath Satan's burden,
Mourn o'er hearts defiled by sin?
Soon we shall pass over Jordan,
Then, the courts of Heaven within,
From the snares of the Tempter
For ever secure,
Our souls, as our robes,
Shall be perfectly pure.

MAIDSTONE,
December, 1835.

HEAVENLY REST.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be
at rest."—*Job* iii. 17.

FAR from the stormy scenes of earth,
The mansions of the blest
Allure the care-worn wanderer home,
A constant, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Weary with conflict, sorrow, sin,
By anxious doubts distrest—
Weary with watching against foes
Who long the soul oppress,
The warrior there lays by his sword,
And the weary are at rest.

HEAVENLY REST.

No tears are shed in that bright world,
No weeds the soil infest ;
The golden fruits of joy abound,
All injuries are redrest ;
The troubled there find perfect peace,
And the weary are at rest.

With angel-brethren there they dwell
In snow-white raiment drest,
Feasting on heavenly happiness
With still increasing zest,
Where the hungry all are satisfied,
And where the weary rest.

BOLTON ABBEY,
September, 1857.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing
unto Zion."—*Isaiah* li. 11.

YE Pilgrims of glory,
 Why weep on the way
To regions where sorrow
 Ne'er darkens the day?
Your trials are light,
 And a moment endure,
But work out a heritage
 Priceless and sure.

Cheer up fellow travellers,
 Banish your sighs,
To the hills of Salvation,
 With hope lift your eyes;
And as ye press onward,
 Exultingly sing
The love never changing
 Of Jesus our King.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

He not merely waits
 To receive us on high,
But now, as we journey,
 Is constantly nigh ;
Companion, Consoler,
 And Guide in the road
To mansions prepared
 For his people's abode.

What comfort He gives
 As we journey along !
The timid grow brave
 And the weary are strong ;
The music of promise
 He breathes in the ear,
And Faith beholds home
 And Jerusalem near.

The road is indeed
 Often gloomy and steep,
And even the strongest
 Will tremble and weep ;
But happy 's the labour
 As well as the rest,
Zion's pilgrims, e'en now,
 Are unspeakably blest.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

Distant rocks may look rugged,
But when we draw near,
All lovely with flowers
Their fissures appear ;
On tracts the most barren,
Bright mosses abound ;
Midst sorrows the darkest,
Some comforts are found.

At times all advance
To our vision is closed,
By valleys contracting
And cliffs interposed ;
But as we go forward,
The path opens out
To gardens of gladness
Through gorges of doubt.

In the eyes of the worldly,
Our journey may seem
The dreary delusion
Of children who dream ;
But they see not the beauties
We pilgrims behold,
And they feel not our joys
Which can never be told.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

How pure and refreshing
 The life-giving rills,
As with silvery songs
 They leap down from the hills !
What vigour and gladness
 Their waters impart
To the traveller, wearied
 And fainting in heart !
Choice fruits overhang,
 Inviting the taste
Of all who to God
 And Jerusalem haste ;
The Rose and the Lily
 Their sweetness exhale,
And the music of Heaven
 Is borne on the gale.
Though fiercely they roar,
 Those lions are chained ;
Though Apollyon may threaten,
 His wrath is restrained ;
Up the dark vale of conflict
 We 'll sing as we fight,
Till the Mountains Delectable
 Burst on our sight.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

What prospects unfold
 As upward we climb
How varied, extensive,
 Enchanting, sublime !
From the high grounds of Faith
 We, delighted, survey
The beauties which mark
 The whole course of the way.

Looking backward, we see
 That when we most feared,
Because through bleak deserts
 Our journey appeared ;
Even then, though by clouds
 Of despondency veiled,
All around, ' surely goodness
 And mercy ' prevailed.

But when we look forward,
 What regions of light,
Bathed in tints of the rainbow
 Enravish the sight !
A Paradise teeming
 With beauties untold,
A city resplendent
 With jasper and gold !

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

Clear as crystal, the waters
Of life ever flow
From the throne of the Blessèd One,
Banishing woe ;
And the banks of the stream
Are adorned by the tree
'Neath whose shadow the nations
Are holy and free.

No pestilence poisons
The health-breathing air ;
No storms ever darken
The scenery there ;
The heat never scorches,
The frost never chills,
But perpetual spring
Clothes the valleys and hills.

In this beautiful land
Ever fragrant and green,
The celestial city
All glorious is seen ;
Its mansions and terraces
Mount up on high,
And its glittering turrets
Illumine the sky.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

Each gate is a pearl,
 Surpassingly rare,
Its walls are of agates
 And amethysts rare ;
Its pathways are gold,
 And its palaces blaze
With a lustre eclipsing
 The diamond's rays.

'Tis holiness renders:
 The city so bright ;
True secret of splendour,
 Pure source of delight !
Its gold and its jewels—
 Its dignity, this !—
The perfection of Love
 Is the fulness of Bliss !

But where is the tongue
 Can the rapture unfold,
Of the numberless hosts
 Who their Monarch behold !
Reflecting his likeness,
 Illumed by his smile,
Where sin, death, and sorrow
 No longer defile !

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

Bright squadrons of Angels
In countless array
Meet with Prophets and Martyrs
Long since passed away
The saints of all ages,
Made perfect, are there ;
And the friends gone before us
Our welcome prepare.

Already by Faith
This Jerusalem's near ;
Its glories we see,
Its Hosannahs we hear !
And soon we shall enter
Its portals of light,
And drink at the fountain
Of endless delight.

Then rejoice, fellow travellers,
Banish your sighs !
To the hills of Salvation
With hope lift your eyes !
And, as ye press onward,
Exultingly sing
The love never changing
Of Jesus our King.

BOLTON ABBEY, September, 1857.

HONOURS AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

"Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay."

HONOURS ! we have none to lay,
At the foot of Jesu's throne ;
We are only worthless clay,
And have nothing of our own
But souls of sin, and hearts of stone.

We have only these to show,
Yet with these we seek thy face ;
All our guilt, and want, and woe,
We would penitently placé,
With tears before thy throne of grace.

E'en with these Thou wilt receive us,
And wilt listen to our cry,
Though the full celestial chorus
Of angelic minstrelsy,
For ever greets thine ear on high.

HONOURS AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

But an hour will come when we
Shall have honours pure and bright,
When we shall receive from Thee,
Harps of gold, and crowns of light,
And spotless robes of purest white.

Honours we shall have in Heaven !
Then, we'll bring them to thy seat ;
And the crowns which may be given,
We will lay, as is most meet,
With endless praises at thy feet.

May, 1837.

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”—*Rev. v. 12.*

Who can rightly conceive
Of that infinite love,
Which brought the Redeemer
From mansions above;
Where the courts of his palace
Unceasingly ring
With the anthems which angels
Adoringly sing,
Of praise unto Him
Whom Creation obeys,
As the Ruler of princes,
The Ancient of days !

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

He descended from regions
 Where purity reigns,
And came to a world
 Which iniquity stains ;
He relinquished his seat
 On the crystalline throne,
To mingle with rebels,
 To toil and to groan ;
Like a lamb to the slaughter
 Was passively led,
While a crown of derision
 Encircled his head.

Heaven's beauty and brightness
 And bliss, He resigned,
Moved with tender regard
 For the woes of mankind ;
The light of his glory
 He changed for the gloom
Which encompassed the cross,
 And pervaded the tomb ;
The solace of friendship
 And pity denied,
Rejected and scorned,
 Like a felon He died.

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

But the sins which He carried
 Were ours, not his own ;
For *us* Jesus uttered
 That heart-broken groan ;
For *us* all his sorrows
 He patiently bore ;—
Then while upon earth
 We'll that mercy adore
Whose depth none can fathom,
 And cheerfully raise
Our hearts with our voices
 The Saviour to praise.

But when from our bondage
 On earth, we arise ;
When on Cherubim's wings
 We ascend to the skies ;—
When by sin and by sorrow
 We're shackled no more,
But through regions of brightness
 Triumphantly soar ;—
When the heavenly Jerusalem
 Bursts on our sight,
And the throne of the Saviour
 Transcendently bright ;—

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

Then, with perfected love
We'll, unwearied, adore
The Redeemer we worshipped
So coldly before ;
On the vast sea of glass
We will join the blest throng
Who for ever the praises
Of Jesus prolong,
Where the songs of Creation
Are crowned by the strain—
All praise to the Lamb
Who for sinners was slain.

MAIDSTONE,
June, 1835.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

"A friend of Publicans and Sinners."—*Luke vii. 34.*

FRIEND of Sinners ! Lord of glory !
Lowly, Mighty !—Brother, King !—
Musing o'er thy wondrous story,
Fain would I thy praises sing.
From thy throne of light celestial,
Moved with pity, Thou didst bend
To behold our woes terrestrial,
And become the Sinner's Friend !

Sinner's Friend ! O name most blessèd
Unto those who *mourn* for sin,
By the devil sore distressèd,
Foes without and fears within !
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must, the Grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the Sinner's Friend.

Love hath no man stronger, surer,
Than for dearest *friends* to die :
But *thy* Love flowed deeper, purer,
Bleeding for thine enemy ;

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Blessing souls the most ungrateful,
Loving labour Thou dost spend :
Patient still, e'en towards the hateful,
Changelessly the Sinner's Friend !

Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind !—
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find !—
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in Heaven, the Sinner's Friend !

O to love and serve Thee better !
From all evil set me free !
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter !
Be each thought conformed to Thee !
Looking for thy bright appearing
May my spirit upward tend,
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
I behold the Sinner's Friend !

BOLTON ABBEY,
September, 1857.

(Composed for the Author's Father, the writer of the well known tract, "The Sinner's Friend.")

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CRUCIFIED.

“ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord
Jesus Christ.”—*Gal.* vi. 14.

REDEEMED from death, with joy we'll sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
His wounded hands—his bleeding side—
The wondrous cross on which He died.

Those wounds are fountains, whence do flow
Rivers of balm for human woe !
That blood can make the vilest pure,
That blood alone can cleanse and cure.

Those hands, extended on the tree,
Hold out a pardon full and free ;
And, stained with sacrificial gore,
Point ruined souls to mercy's door.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CRUCIFIED.

The spear's deep gash which gapes so wide,
Invites the fugitive to hide
In God Incarnate—there alone
Sure refuge from our fear is known.

The crown of thorns proclaims a King
Victorious by suffering ;
Henceforth shall grief to Christians be
Arrayed with regal dignity.

That dying groan, that last loud cry,
Are the glad shout of Victory ;
The bruised heel grinds Satan's head,
And life is won by Jesus dead.

The cross, a conqueror's chariot seems,
Prouder than warrior's wildest dreams,
Where Christ, all red with battle's stains,
Drags Sin and Death, in captive chains.

Then let us, glad and grateful, sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
Count all things else as empty dross,
And glory only in the Cross.

SURREY CHAPEL,
November, 1857.

MESSIAH'S REIGN.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—*Rev. xix. 16.*

KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS !
What delight the sound affords !
Jesus shall for ever reign,
Final victory He shall gain.

LORD OF LORDS, and KING OF KINGS !
Every mourner joyful sings !
None shall of his rule complain
When the Saviour comes to reign !

KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS !
Broken are oppression's cords ;
Satan's conquered ! swell the strain !
Jesus doth for ever reign !

MESSIAH'S REIGN.

LORD OF LORDS, and KING OF KINGS !
Order, riches, rest, He brings ;
Warfare, hatred, fear shall cease,
Vanquished by the Prince of Peace.

KING OF KINGS, and LORD OF LORDS !
Earth and heaven repeat the words !
Truth and Love will He restore,
He shall reign for evermore !

LORD OF LORDS, and KING OF KINGS !
Loud and long the anthem rings !
Hallelujah ! Shout again !
Jesus shall for ever reign !

ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
October 28, 1857.

(Composed after hearing Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.)

DOXOLOGY.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end—Amen!"

HALLELUJAH! joyful raise
Heart and voice our God to praise!
Praise the Father! praise the Son!
Praise the Spirit! Three in One!

One to perfect all the plan
Of redeeming ruined man!
Triune God! to Thee be given
Praise on Earth, and praise in Heaven!

SURREY CHAPEL,
November 19, 1857.

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